

The Transformation Story Archive

Tried as a Juvenile

by RadioX

Jennifer Roberts and her mother Pam came out through the heavy doors and went down the front steps of the Jameson County jail just before sunset. Jennifer, a dark haired young woman in jeans and a leather jacket stared at the ground they walked. All her jewelry jingled when she stepped down the stairs, especially the four earrings in her right ear. Her hair was spiky and combed to the opposite side, almost covering her left eye, but you could still see the heavy mascara she used.

"You've really done it now," said Jennifer's mother, "they are going to throw the book at you tomorrow."

"They didn't do anything last time," said Jennifer sullenly. "That was years ago, so they went easy on you because it was your first offense. You are twenty-two years old now and you'll have to pay for stealing that car - it was a joyride then, it's a felony now." Jennifer shrugged her shoulders and looked away.

By now the two were coming up to Pam's beat up Ford and Jennifer made a move toward the driver's side.

"Uh-huh, you did your driving last night," said Pam. "I didn't drive Mom, it was Joey, it was all his idea." "Well, you know you shouldn't even be around him, or any of your other 'friends' for that matter."

Pam started the car and silently drove it to her small house in the suburbs. It had been a nice house when the family had moved in, but after Jennifer's father had left them, it had been too much for Pam to keep it up, so it had fallen into disrepair. So much had fallen apart in the past ten years, thought Pam, my marriage, my house, my daughter. A tear formed in her eye. She unlocked the front door and went inside.

"Off to your room young lady, and I don't want to see you until first thing tomorrow morning. And you WILL make yourself presentable for the Judge."

"But Mom, it's only seven o'clock!"

"Go to your room!"

Pam went into the kitchen to call the court-appointed lawyer.

Jennifer burst into her room and flopped down on the bed. Everything was so unreal, Joey had pulled up in that car and all she had done was hop in. She felt trapped, looking around the room at all the posters and junk she had put on the walls when she was in high school. She hadn't spent the night in this room in years. Her mother had left it alone, even her old clothes were still in the drawers. She opened one and pulled out a tee shirt she had worn often. She held it up against herself, and saw it was too small to even try to put on. She threw it into the drawer in disgust, then she was bored. "I gotta get out of here," she said to herself.

She went to one side of the dresser and using her rear end, pushed over about eighteen inches so it was under the high window sill. She bounded to the door, locked it and turned off the light. "I guess I'm going to sleep so hard that Pam won't be able to wake me up for dinner," she laughed to herself, "I'll have to go out to eat." She climbed on top of the dresser, opened the window and climbed the short distance down the vines growing on the side of the house. She was free again, if only for tonight. She had to come back or the bail bond guy would take her mother's house away. Jennifer wasn't the best person, but she couldn't do that to her mother. She ran to the corner a couple of streets over and caught a bus to the mall.

AT THE MALL

Jennifer wandered around the stores in the mall, just looking around and savoring her freedom after several days in jail. It must have been high school night, because there were kids everywhere. She was almost getting nostalgic for those easy days in school. Even if you got caught doing something, you got out of it with a detention at the worst. She had gotten very good at impersonating her mother on the phone and signing her signature to notices from the administrators. She saw her mom's next door neighbor's kid (she heard him say his name was Tommy Russell to the store detective) get nabbed for shoplifting at Macy's. "Amateur", she thought. It had been so much easier then, she wanted to leave her troubles behind and go back to how it had been before. She went to the food court and loaded up on junk food.

The lights in the mall dimmed as the loudspeaker announced it was 5 minutes until closing time. She hurried down the corridors to find the door by where the bus stopped. She was lost, or at least confused as to which corridor to go down, when she saw a small store in the corner by one of the doors. Spell 'R Us said the sign above the shop. An old man in a bathrobe was locking up the doors as Jennifer ran up. He looked irritated at first but then smiled and let her in when he saw her face.

She opened her mouth to speak. "So Jennifer is in trouble, eh," he said, leading her to the back of the store. "you need something to help you out."

"How did you know..." she said.

"I'm a wizard," he said, "and I think I have just what you need." He reached under the counter and brought out a small golden rectangle with a wrapper around it - it looked like a candy bar. She took it read the label.

"Out of Trouble," it said, "eat this bar and wish your escape."

"So," said Jennifer, "I eat this and all charges are dropped?" "No, your wish has to be specific about the mechanism of your escape. If you wish wrong, you won't get free. You can't get the charges dismissed, but maybe you can change yourself so they won't want to punish you. This is a powerful altering magic," he said, "but I'm sure you will be careful. Oh, and give it enough time to work." He chuckled to himself and ushered her out the door.

Jennifer ran out the mall doors and barely caught the bus back home.

GOING HOME

Jennifer laughed and looked at the bar as she sat on the bus, "He forgot to charge me for this, it's almost like stealing it." She started to think about how she could get out of the charges in court the next morning, but she hadn't really listened to her attorney so she had no easy ideas she was sure would work.

She was worried again as she climbed the vines to the window back into her room, she had to hurry and wish something so she would be safe in the morning. When she turned on the light and moved the dresser back where it belonged, she plopped down on the bed and looked around her room. "That's it!" she thought, looking at a picture of her and Joey at the school carnival their senior year. "I can wish myself younger so they can't try me as an adult and it will get dismissed like last time!"

Jennifer tore the wrapper off the bar and was surprised to see that it was really made of chocolate. "Get Out of Jail Free" was written on it. She took a bite, it was delicious, so she wolfed down the rest. As soon as she swallowed the last bite, she felt an air of expectation around her - now she had to make her wish. "I wish I was younger," she said. Then she remembered that you could be quite young and still certified as an adult, maybe the magic could take care of it. "I wish I was too young for what I do wrong." There, that ought to do it, she thought. She noticed a tingling all over her skin and fell into a deep sleep.

THE NEXT MORNING

"Wake up sleepyhead, it's time to get ready for court," her mother's voice came through the door. Jennifer sat up in bed and looked in the mirror. Nothing had changed. She trudged into the bathroom and showered and cleaned up for court. Her mother had laid out one of her conservative skirt, blouse and jacket outfits for Jennifer to wear. It fit OK, but Jennifer still felt funny. She ate breakfast silently, in shock that the magic hadn't worked.

She fumed in the car all the way to the courthouse and all through the hearing. Then it was time for the Judge's verdict. The bailiff made everyone stand. The Judge took his seat behind the bench and everyone but Jennifer and her lawyer sat down. Jennifer's skin started to tingle like the night before, "please, please - come on magic work!" she thought.

"Jennifer Ann Roberts, this court finds you guilty as charged," he said. Jennifer's shoulders slumped, and then the tingling grew almost painful. "But," he continued, "because you are so young, I'm releasing you to your mother's supervision. Remember, if I see you in here again, you will be sent to the County Juvenile Facility."

Jennifer couldn't believe her ears, the magic worked! It wasn't until she started to walk toward her mother that she noticed something different. The outfit she was wearing, instead of fitting pretty well, was baggy and oversized on her. She had to hold her arms just so and walk just right to keep it on her. Her mother walked her out to the car, which didn't look as beat up as before. "I don't want to ever go through anything like that again, young lady," Pam said, "do you understand?"

"Yes ma'am," Jennifer replied. Did her voice sound a little different - higher? She tried to look in the side mirror, but it was so dirty you couldn't really tell anything. She would have to wait until they got home.

BACK AT HOME

"Go to your room and think about what happened today," said her mother, "you have school tomorrow, so no staying up late." To school? It started to sink in to Jennifer what it meant to be younger, her whole life was going to be different. She hadn't been to school in years. She was glad to get to the safe confines of her room, and locked the door behind her. She easily kicked off her loose shoes and walked over to the dresser. She gasped when she saw herself in the mirror, "I'm a girl again!" The reflection showed a dark haired, high school girl in women's clothes which sagged on her slender frame. The mirror-Jennifer then smiled and began taking off the large outfit. She stepped out of the skirt and kicked it to the side, then unbuttoned the blouse and threw it on the bed. She stared in amazement at how underdeveloped she looked. her breasts came nowhere near filling the cups of the size 38C bra that had barely contained them earlier that morning. Her panties drooped low on her hips. She shook her rear and they slid down her legs. She unhooked the bra and threw it with the blouse. "This is incredible!" she thought while posing in the mirror. Her breasts were now small, high and firm. Even though she was (make that had been, she giggled) 22, she had gotten kind of saggy from being a little overweight. She liked her new (16 year old she guessed) self. She dug into the drawers and pulled out some of her old clothes that hadn't fit in years. A few minutes later, she was wearing a tight tee shirt and snug-fitting jeans. She pulled her hair back into a pony-tail and laughed at how young that made her look. She left her room and went to the kitchen for a sandwich.

LATER THAT DAY

An hour later, Pam knocked on Jennifer's door and told her she was going to the mall with Mrs. Russell. The whole court thing seemed to be forgotten. She waited until the Russell's car was out of sight and came out into the living room. She watched Oprah for a while and then went out to get the mail. Just then Tommy get dropped off in front of his house. When he looked her way, she said "ha, ha, saw you get busted last night!" He flushed with embarrassment, but walked over to her.

"You never talked to me before," he said. "Maybe I'm too old for you!" she said, hoping he would tell her new age. "You're only a year older than me, I get my driver's permit in two months." So she WAS 16, it had been a good guess. "Well, since I have my license, want to go to the mall?" She wanted to hang out with him and pump him for information.

"OK, let me go throw my stuff in the house." She noticed that he had been staring at her chest. When she had moved out of the house he had been just a kid, but now their ages were much closer. He was kind of cute, but too young to get involved with, she smirked, still, it was good to be noticed.

She went in and got the car keys and the two rode to the mall. Jennifer had to adjust the seat up from where her mother left it, a day before and she wouldn't have had to do that.

As they rode, she quizzed him on all the details of what was going on at the high school. She didn't recognize most of the names, but some were little brothers or sisters of people she had known. I guess I'll see what they look like tomorrow, she thought.

They walked around the mall, and she kept her eyes out for Spells 'R Us, but never did spot it. Then she ran into a couple of people she had gone to school with, literally - she didn't see them and knocked the packages right out of their hands. She bent down to help them pick up and realized who it was. "John, Annie! How are you doing, I haven't seen you in forever!" They looked at her like she was nuts. "Do we know your big sister or something?" They walked off shaking their heads, "Kids!" she heard one of them mutter to the other. The experience shook her up, her world had changed completely and no one but her knew it.

The thrill of being at the mall paled after that. She told Tommy she wanted to go home, so they walked out to the car. Her heart skipped a beat when she saw the Russell's car parked two spots down, and there was her Mom, looking her way! It was too late to run. Her mother motioned her over angrily.

"Did you take our car to the mall?" she said. "She must have," said Tommy's mother, "isn't that your car over there?" Jennifer was busted, she didn't want to be in trouble again so soon. Then she felt a tingling.

"No, that can't be our car," her mother said, "Jennifer is too young to drive, she doesn't even have a learners permit!" And suddenly it wasn't their car in the parking space, it was a similar one. Jennifer's clothes grew on her, suddenly the snug jeans were baggy and the tee shirt hung. She looked at Tommy and he was now taller than her. Oh my god, she thought, the magic is still protecting me. It made me too young to have taken the car. Her mother and Mrs. Russell ushered Jennifer and Tommy into the back seat of the car to go home. When she got home, Jennifer rushed to her room, not as quickly as she would have liked because her baggy clothes made it hard to run. She stared a long time into the mirror at the dark haired girl she had become now. Her hair was thinner and shorter than before and all her ear piercings had disappeared. She pulled off her jeans and panties and her shirt hung down below her crotch. She slid it over her head and looked at herself. The small bra she had put on this morning just hung on her shoulders. her little breasts stuck almost straight out with no hang to them at all. Her nipples had turned a light shade of pink and gotten smaller. She ran to the closet and pulled out a box of even smaller clothes. When she had dressed, she looked in the mirror and sobbed, she looked like a little girl. Her face had the gawky angular look she had hated so much and her hips were getting narrow. Her butt looked like a boy's. She was going to have to behave herself or the magic could make things even worse. She was distracted by the phone ringing. "Hello", she said, and was shocked by her girly voice.

"How's my favorite 14 year old?" came Tommy's voice through the phone, "Want to come over and study with me? My mom's over having a drink across the street, so she'll be gone for a while.

Suddenly Jennifer felt odd, a butterflies-in-your-stomach feeling she hadn't in years. Did she have a crush on Tommy Russell now? "OK," she giggled, "I'll be right over."

AT THE RUSSELL'S HOUSE

She snuck over the backyard fence to Tommy's house almost as if it were a usual thing for her. I guess it is a regular thing now, she thought as she knocked on the back door. Tommy opened the door and gave her a kiss. He's so strong and mature, she thought. Wait a minute, he's 15, I'm taller than he is! But she had had to turn her head up to kiss him and when she checked, the top of her head only came up to his eyes.

"Let's go to my room," said Tommy, a gleam in his eye, "we'll 'study' there." Jennifer was suddenly nervous, but enjoyed the idea that this boy liked her. Tommy shut the door behind her and when she turned around, he gathered her up in his arms for another kiss. Her lips parted and their tongues intertwined. He walked her over to his bed and threw a pile of laundry off the end of the bed and onto the floor. He sat down and patted the bed next to him. "Jenny Roberts, come on down!" he said. "Jenny?" she hadn't been called that in years. She sat down next to him and he put his arm around her. They started kissing again and she was lost in the moment when his hand slipped under her shirt. She was wary for a moment, but thought, "I'm not really some little fourteen year old girl, I can take care of myself," and let him continue. He untucked her shirt and worked his hand up to her bra. The intensity of her feelings was overwhelming! Just like the first time she had necked with Joey. The spell must have made her body "forget" what it felt like. She moaned softly as his hand slipped into the cup of her bra and stroked the soft flesh inside. She pushed his arms away for a moment and pulled off her shirt. He was hypnotized by her breasts. She looked down at them, they were so small. But, Tommy leaned back towards her and began kissing her again as his hands fumbled with the clasp at her back. After an eternity he got it and his hands came around to the front to touch her small but hard nipples. The feelings were so intense! It was like electric fire from her nipples to between her legs. She came to her senses for a moment and reached for the button on Tommy's jeans and then undid the zipper. It came apart easily and she reached inside and stroked his hardness. He moaned and his pelvis jerked involuntarily. His hands moved off of her breasts and trailed down her stomach to her jeans. He wasn't as adept at opening hers, but soon enough he got it and she stood up to help him slide them down her thighs. She stepped out of them, shivery naked and feeling vulnerable in a way she hadn't before. He had stood up and pulled off his jeans and underwear and she looked at his young manhood straining from his body. He stepped toward her and she felt him against her belly. Her crotch was hot and damp, she was so excited, but a part of her was saying "you're not some silly virgin, you've done this before!" He slid his hands down her sides and into the waistband of her panties. his hands caressed and cupped her smooth cheeks and strong sensations kept shooting through her entire body. She reached down and pulled off her panties and climbed up onto his bed. He was instantly beside her and his hand worked its way between her legs. She was hot and wet and even his clumsy inexperience didn't matter. She pulled at him to enter her. It took a couple of times before he understood and she rolled onto her back and put her knees apart. He climbed between her legs and moved his crotch toward her. She felt the head of it bumping into her, but not in the right place, so she reached down and guided him in. He started thrusting, moving slowly and cautiously at first but soon with greater and greater abandon. Soon she was moaning in a frenzy as wave after wave of orgasm shuddered through her body. Suddenly, he spent himself into her and his motion ceased. The room was practically spinning for her. "Who'd have thought that this kid was a better lover than Joey?" she thought. Then they heard the front door open. "I'm home, Tommy," came Mrs. Russell's voice. "Are you here too Jenny?" said her mother. Jennifer's heart leaped into her throat. They were going to be in so much trouble! She jumped off the bed, grabbed her clothes, and ran down the hall for the back door. She stopped just inside the door to pull her shirt on. She ran across the back yard, climbed the fence and ran into her house and to her room. "Made it!" she thought. She peeked out of her window and could see right into the Russell's living room. Her mother and Tommy's mother had Tommy standing there holding his jeans over his crotch while they interrogated him. She opened the window and put her head close to listen. "Who was here? Was it Jenny?" his mother demanded. Tommy shook his head, but then Jennifer noticed that bunched up with Tommy's jeans was her bra. At about the same moment her mother saw it too. "What's that young man?" she asked, pointing at the bra. Then she snatched at it and looked it over. "It looks like one of Jenny's." Jennifer felt a cold fear in the pit of her stomach. Mrs. Russell said, "yes, it does look like it could be Jenny's." Then her mother's expression suddenly changed, and Jennifer's skin began to tingle. "This couldn't be Jenny's," her mother said, "she isn't old enough to have sex." When the words left her mother's mouth, Jennifer turned toward the mirror in her room. Her shirt suddenly started to grow the bottom hem moved down from her waist to her hips and then halfway down her thighs. Her breasts dwindled into small bumps and then just nipples. She felt the pubic hair retract into her body. Jenny screamed, a little girl's scream. She fought off the oversized shirt and looked at the naked little girl in the mirror. All her curves were gone. Her hair was thin and wispy and short. The dresser below the mirror came up to her chest. Then the door burst open and her mother walked in, she was gigantic and towered over little Jenny. "Hi sweetie, I've got some new clothes for you from the mall!"

THAT EVENING

Dinner was humiliating for Jenny. The table too high from her chair until her mother got out a booster seat for her to sit on. Her plate was filled with vegetables that she couldn't bear to eat. She picked through her food, at least enough for her mother to allow her a cookie for dessert.

"Hop down and you can have your cookie in the living room with Mrs. Russell and Tommy," her mother said. Jennifer jumped down from the chair and was reminded of her childish clothes. She had on a little dress that barely came below her bottom, over a pair of plain white panties. The breeze on her legs made her feel even more like a little girl. There was a knock at the door and her mother let in Mrs. Russell and Tommy.

"Come in here sweetie and have your cookie," said her mother. So Jenny reluctantly walked into the living room. Two giant women sat on huge furniture with a plate of big cookies. "At least some good things got bigger too," she thought. When suddenly, a pair of large hands grasps her under her arms and swings her into the air.

"Gotcha squirt," said Tommy. She looked in horror at his face, he looked so grown up. He set her down and she noticed that she barely came up to his chest. She snatched a cookie and climbed up into the corner of a big chair. The women chatted and Jenny's mom got some coffee for them, a coke for Tommy and some milk for her. She finished her cookie and wandered back to her room. While she had been out of it, her room had changed. It now was painted brightly with colorful balloons on the walls. The clothes in the drawers were child-sized - there wasn't a bra in sight.

Jenny sighed and walked back down the long hallway. Before she got to the door to the living room, she looked into the kitchen and saw the box of cookies sitting on the kitchen counter. They looked so delicious that she had to have another one. Her mouth watered for more chocolate chips. She walked across the room and grabbed at the cookie from the box, which made a rustling sound. Her mother looked up as she ducked back from the counter, dropping the cookie on one of the chairs around the kitchen table.

"Jenny was that you?" said her mother. Tommy's head popped through the doorway into the kitchen. Jenny froze, reaching for the cookie off the chair.

"Yeah, it's her - getting into the cookies again," he said. "Jenny," came her mother's angry voice. Then in a softer voice she said "It couldn't be Jenny, she isn't old enough to get the cookies off the counter."

Jenny's skin tingled and her point of view dropped toward the floor, now the seat of the chair was at eye level. Her panties fell down and the hem of her childish dress touched the floor! It fit like a tent now! She looked at her chubby hands and then reached for the cookie again.

"As a matter of fact," her mother continued, "Jenny is too young to reach the cookies at all."

The seat of the chair rose up out of reach and Jenny's bottom thumped on the floor. Her huge dress contracted around her into a baby's sleeper with feet as the panties writhed around her legs and became diapers. A giant Tommy reached down, picked Jenny up and cradled her to his chest, her feet hardly reached his waist.

"Here she is Mrs. Roberts," he said, helpfully, handing Jenny over to her gigantic mother. Jenny screamed inside her head, but all that came out was a baby's gurgle. A darkness crept in along the edge of Jennifer's consciousness as her mother rested Jenny's head to her large pillow breasts. She heard Tommy's mother say, "That baby looks like she can be quite a handful!"

And with the last of her adult mind fading away, Jennifer heard her mother say, "Jenny? why she's no trouble at all!"

At a shop in the mall, an old man laughed.

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